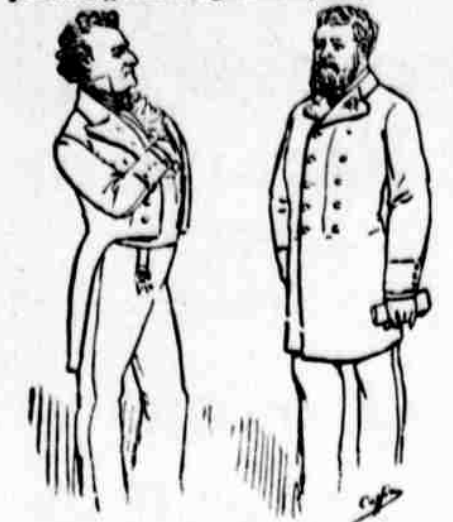


HAIR ON THE FACE.

MANY UNITED STATES SENATORS WEAR BEARDS.

The New Senator from Kansas raised the hopes of the smooth faced men. His whiskers—hair on the chin and hair on the upper lip.

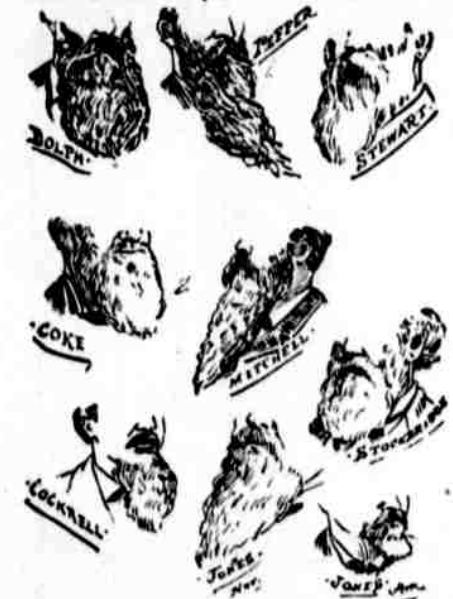
[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—When Mr. Perkins, of Kansas, took his seat in the senate a few days ago some one said the beardless men were still coming to the front, and that the day was fast approaching when a great majority of the



public men of this country would wear their faces bare, as in the good old days of the swallowtailed coat and frilled shirt front. I am sorry to say this remark is not borne out by the facts. It is true that in the house of representatives a large number of beardless men have recently made their appearance. The fact that 1890, the year in which this house was elected, was a "smooth faced year" has become historic; by some strange coincidence, in nearly every instance in which a bearded man and a smooth faced man were pitted against each other in the congressional contests, the latter was the victor. But the mysterious influence or chance which thus influenced the popular elections has not as yet extended the scope of its operations to the United States senate.

Of seventeen men who have taken seats in the senate within a month, only two have smooth faces—Irbly, of South Carolina, and Perkins, of Kansas. As if to emphasize the fact that the country is not drifting toward beardlessness, many of the new senators are more or less noted for the abundance of their hirsute adornment. Even with Mr. Perkins' hairless face, Kansas is still represented in the senate by more than its share of beard, "Whiskers Pepper," as we have dubbed him here, having quite enough for the whole state. Senators Proctor, Vilas, Bruce, Gordon, Palmer, Chilton and Gibson, other new senators, have ample beards, while Kyle, Hill, Dubois and Hansbrough have their upper lips adorned with copious mustaches.

One of the new men, Senator White, wears a delicate pair of side whiskers on



SOME SENATORIAL BEARDS. A face noted for its large superficial area. If we were to compare the new faces with the faces of the men whom the new senators succeed—smooth faced Reagan, Payne, Everts and Wilson of Maryland, and light bearded Spooner, Ingalls and Pierce—we should find a large balance in favor of beards. To be sure, we have lost the patriarchal chin whiskers of Brown, of Georgia, the flowing "sideboards" of Wade Hampton and the full beard of George F. Edmunds, but nevertheless the United States senate now contains a larger quantity and a greater variety of beards than ever before in its history. We are drifting farther and farther from the ideal senatorial face—the hairless, clean, clear cut Roman type which was so common fifty and even twenty-five years ago.

It is a remarkable fact that of eighty-nine men now sitting in the United States senate only nine have beardless faces. These are the vice president, who some years ago had a beard like that of ex-Senator Hampton, and Senators Carlisle, Gorman, Hoar, Colquitt, Irbly, Daniel, Perkins and Kenna. All the remainder have hirsute growth upon their countenances, ranging in bulk from the toothbrush mustache of Senator Call, of Florida, to the "bearded lady" style affected by Mr. Pepper. A Capitol veteran who has taken pleasure in watching these things says that a quarter of a century ago more than one-third of the members of the senate had smooth faces, among the number being Sumner, Ben Wade, Frelinghuysen, Lot Morrill, Fessenden, Dick Yates, Bayard, Salisbury, E. D. Morgan, Buckalew, Jim Nye, Henry Wilson, A. G. Cattell, John Connors, Timothy Howe, McCleery of Kentucky, Reverdy Johnson, J. M. Howard, Lyman Trumbull and many others.

So, you see, our great statesmen are becoming more and more a race of bearded men. Fifty years ago a composite photograph of United States senators would have shown a type without hair except upon the head. Twenty-five years ago the picture would have had

small side growth and faintly marked throat whiskers, just creeping up the chin. Now a senatorial composite would result in a face with a conglomerate mass of hair on every part—cheeks, upper lip, chin and throat.

The rise of the mustache in this country has been rapid and all conquering, if we may judge by appearances on the senate floor. A quarter of a century ago, it is said, there was not one mustache in the senate. Now sixty out of eighty-eight senators wear more or less hair on their upper lips, Joe Blackburn and Mr. Hansbrough having the largest crops.

Would you believe that beards are geographically distributed—that sections of the country have their distinctive types? Well, it is so. Take, for instance, the vast, new region west of the Mississippi. Here is where you find the big beards, the men who have been too busy conquering the wilderness or disemboweling the earth of her riches to shave their faces, and who now find early habits stronger than any desires which they may have acquired in public life. It is from this region that come such beards as those of Pepper, Cockrell, Mitchell, Dolph, Stewart, Jones of Nevada, Jones of Arkansas, Coke and Chilton of Texas and Stanford. Nearly all the big beards in the senate are from this transmississippi region. In fact, the only exception is that of Stockbridge of Michigan.

Again the smooth faced men are largely from the southern states, or the states in the border belt between north and south. Gorman, Carlisle, Irbly, Kenna, Colquitt and Daniel are the beardless representatives of this region, leaving only Hoar and Perkins as smooth faced senatorial representatives from the north.

As if in protest against the mustache as somewhat frivolous in a dignified senator, a number of senators have



shaved their upper lips, leaving chin whiskers their only hirsute appendages. Among these are Allison, Coke, Palmer, Proctor, Wilson, Chilton and Hisecock. In all the senate chamber there is no more scrupulously groomed and regularly trimmed beard than that of Bruce, of Ohio. The handsomest, most soldier-like beard is that of Gibson, of Maryland, though General Hawley is a good second.

Senator Hill is one of the few statesmen in the upper branch who wear both side whiskers and mustache. Senator Hisecock has the curliest beard in the chamber and Senator Washburn the only genuine pair of Dunderbushes. Then Senator Cockrell's, there is no more straggly set of whiskers in the Capitol. Senator Harris' rather fierce looking mustache is as white as snow. In no senatorial beard is there more character than in Dan Voorhees', a beard by which the owner would be known among a million, even if nothing but his beard were found after an explosion. It is a fighting beard, too, grim and savage. Senator Manderson also has a beard that is full of character—precise, orderly, rational, cautious.

Senator Dixon's sideburns are aristocratic, like himself, while Senator Morrill's white side whiskers are of ancient type, handsome, staid, eminently respectable. By the way, why should we not have, in this land of facts, a fact reduced to the pretense of science, as all facts are, which shall be able to read character in beards? And would there



MUSTACHES, "SIDES," ETC. be a better or more interesting place in which to apply this new philosophy than among the grave and be-whiskered senators of the United States senate? WALTER WELLMAN.

What Boys Wear. Boys under ten wear polo caps and Tam O'Shanter's mostly, though some mothers affect the English style of derby for their boys, or even the ridiculous little stovepipe with a sugarloaf crown and big buckle, but they detract greatly from the frankness of a little boy's face, as they hamper his movements. Soft felt hats crushed in the middle are worn by boys over ten, as well as round felt hats low in the crown.

The areas of the country's chief cities are: Chicago, 172½ square miles; Philadelphia, 139¼; Washington, 73; St. Louis, 62½; New Orleans, 60; San Francisco, 42¼; New York, 41; Boston, 37¼; Baltimore, 32; Brooklyn, 26½, and Cincinnati, 24.

THE RED SEA'S SHORE

DAVID KER WRITES OF AN AFRICAN MONTENEGRO.

A Mighty Wall of Bare, Burning Sandstone That Stretches for Scores of Miles—The Famous Port of Massowah Picturesquely Described.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Jan. 4.—There are few drearier landscapes upon the face of the earth than that mighty wall of bare, burning sandstone that stretches unbroken, for scores of miles together, along the western side of the Red sea, like an embodiment of that destroying heat and hopeless desolation which the very name of Africa never fails to suggest. Greatly would any raw traveler be surprised to learn that behind this grim rampart lies one of the most beautiful and fertile regions in the world, and one of the most romantic likewise—Christian for ages past, yet utterly savage, picturesquely blending ancient civilization and modern barbarism—a perfect African Montenegro, first introduced to the notice of Europe a century ago by the daring explorers of Abyssinia.

The gateway of this strange region is quite as curious as itself. Sweeping northward along the African shore you descend far in the distance, on the edge of a strip of level beach, which forms as it were the doorstep of the Abyssinian highlands, a row of flat, white objects, suggestive of a game of dominoes left unfinished by two mountain giants. As you approach, these nondescript objects gradually shape themselves into brilliantly white houses, built entirely of coral, beyond which flutter faintly over the smooth, sunlit waters of a small landlocked bay the smart scarlet of the British union jack and the green, white and red of the Italian merchant ensign. An English cargo boat from Liverpool and an Italian steamer from Naples have just come in, and the latter has brought not a few passengers who have come to stay, for this is the famous port of Massowah, coveted for ages by the fierce mountaineers who look down upon it from those shadowy heights above us, seized by Turkey to the late khedive of Egypt in 1869, and now occupied by Italy without any cession or formality at all.

This future avenue of African trade and European enterprise, and perhaps of European conquest as well, is a quiet little town of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants, perched on a low islet a mile long by 100 yards broad, lying at the northern end of Arkiko bay and connected with the mainland, like Venice, by a causeway nearly a mile in length through the smooth, shallow water of the roadstead, which is sheltered from storms by the long, straggling isle of Dhalak across the mouth of the bay.

The streets, or rather lanes, of the miniature fort have a curiously diversified appearance, tall houses of coral or stone alternating with little nests of sticks and palm leaves or of cane and dried grass, such as one sees along the sunny hill sides of Algeria or along the burning plains of Tripoli. Nor is the population less motley than the town itself. Handsome, black haired, olive checked Italians; big, heavy, wooden faced Turks; supple, keen eyed, brigand-like Greeks; sturdy, red whiskered British sailors, looking down with a grand, indulgent contempt upon those ill fated beings whom the inscrutable decrees of Providence have doomed to be "foreigners" instead of Englishmen; black, bulky Nubians, with thick lips and rolling eyes; tall, gaunt, high cheeked, savage looking Somalis, from the wild African "No Man's Land," between Cape Guardafui and the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; dark, sinewy, bare limbed Arabs, with shaven crowns and flowing black beards, and stately, white cloaked Abyssinians from the overhanging mountains, whose bold, warrior bearing, erect head and swaggering stride carry me back in a moment to the wild mountain glens of Albania and Montenegro.

The merchandise, too, is as varied as those who handle it. Knives, hatchets and striped cloths from England, rifles and daggers from Italy, Turkish sabers, Persian carpets, bags of Arabian coffee, and embroidered sashes and turbans from Bengal, lie side by side with the ivory, beeswax, gum, hides, butter and grass mats which have just come down from the Abyssinian hills and are about to be shipped off to Europe via the Suez canal.

To reach Massowah itself is now an easy matter, thanks to the monthly line of Italian steamers from Naples; but to penetrate thence into Tigre (the adjacent province of Abyssinia) is not quite so simple as formerly, the Italian invasion and the severe fighting that followed it having embittered the native mountain clans against all foreigners alike. However, the thing may be done with proper management, though the journey itself is by no means a holiday trip. Over the dusty, scorching plain of the lowlands nothing can carry you safely but a camel, and the camel's ordinary motion (as any man who has ever ridden one will readily admit) is very much like being perched on the top of a particularly high omnibus which keeps upsetting every two minutes.

When the mountains are reached at last, and you exchange your two humped engine of torture for one of the hardy and untiring native horses, matters improve considerably, though a nervous man might object to ride at full gallop along the edge of a 300 foot precipice, or to pass outside a laden pack horse on a ledge path barely two yards wide. The heat is terrible.

Higher, ever higher, over an endless series of bold ridges that seem to stand up around you like rolling waves, to the weary level of the flat, sand-strewn, and the film of intense heat, and the bare, scorching, crumpled mountains along the horizon are at last seen, and now you begin to see mountains around you green, sunny valleys, clustering trees, and glistening fountains, and rock cut villages, and eagles' nests on precipitous peaks.

only by a single narrow path, which one man might defend against an army. If you are bound for the king's court you will find plenty to look at even before you get there, and when you do get there you will find more to look at still.

The native dress of the king and his nobles is at once simple and striking, consisting of a long white frock or mantle, embroidered with five broad stripes of bright crimson, which are supposed to typify the five wounds of our Lord. For these strange people (Nestorian Christians ever since the Thirteenth century) are extremely devout in their own peculiar way, and even the dreaded King John himself—a perfect Abyssinian Henry VIII.—used to hear morning prayers and read a chapter of the Bible every day before going forth to dye his battle sword in blood or to order off a score of innocent men to instant execution. This robe is usually tucked up so as to leave the limbs free below the knee, and the feet are protected by strong sandals. Most of the Abyssinian grandees are splendid horsemen, and the reckless way in which they dash up and down these precipitous ridges, with the tip of the foot just touching the silver ring that serves them as a stirrup, might command the applause of any Gauchon on the South American pampas.

The king's life guards are picked soldiers, all fine and powerful men, armed with long native rifles and curved swords of wonderful keenness and temper. Here and there amid their stately ranks you may espy a stalwart fellow who wears on his neck a lion's claw set in gold, a decoration which may be called the Victoria Cross of Abyssinia, proving as it does that the lion to whom that claw once belonged has been slain in single fight by its present wearer—a feat which even these hardy mountaineers consider well worthy of notice.

Conspicuous amid the crowd of richly dressed native attendants that surround the "Negus" (as the Abyssinian king is called) is the figure of a tall and portly man in a gorgeously embroidered robe, with a flat, shining disk of metal hanging upon his broad breast at the end of a light silver chain, this being the badge of his office as the king's head cook. The post is one of the best in the whole kingdom, but it has its drawbacks, the holder of it being bound to remain unmarried, and never to quit the court without the special leave of the king himself, which is seldom if ever given. Moreover, among this high functionary's countless duties is the tasting of every article of food or drink, no matter what it may be, which is to be set before his royal master.

One very characteristic feature of this strange court still remains to be described. A little apart from the throng you will notice a large group of handsome native girls of various ages, from thirteen to sixteen, arrayed in picturesque national costume, and adorned with barbaric national finery. A painter might object to their receding chins and thick, pointing lips, but their black, lustrous, melting eyes, their long, silky hair and the wonderful symmetry of their slim, graceful form, are a study worthy of Titian himself.

Should the king be pleased with your address, or with the presents which every one is bound to offer him, he will request or rather command you to take three or four of these beauties away with you as your wives—a courtesy rather embarrassing to some prim, middle aged British envoy with a strong minded wife of his own at home, especially as, by native custom, it is death for any man to decline a gift offered by the king in person. Strangely enough, the young ladies themselves appear to be quite satisfied with the custom which thus transfers them from one master to another, like sheep or cattle. Once given into their possession, an Abyssinian girl will toil for you, fight for you and if need should be, die by your side on the battlefield—more than one weird story being current here of slender, dark faced soldiers who were seen fighting side by side with some of the Italian officers in the great battle two years ago, and who, when found lying dead over the corpses of those whom they had striven in vain to defend, were discovered to be women in disguise.

Only once within the memory of living men has that strange gift been offered and refused. When the terrible King John reigned over Abyssinia—a tyrant whose merciless cruelty was rendered doubly formidable by the dauntless courage and great abilities by which it was supported—there came to him on a public mission a spare, muscular, clear eyed English officer, who had written his name in history some years before as "Chinese Gordon."

In the courtyard of the king's palace the two men met—the strong, swarthy Abyssinian in his gorgeous white and crimson dress, with gold rings in his ears and a lionskin sash across his bare, brawny chest; the Englishman in his plain, well worn uniform, with the look of calm, fearless confidence that had kept up the drooping spirits of his soldiers on many a hard fought battlefield. Beamed them stood four beautiful native slave girls, looking wonderingly with their large liquid eyes at the strange warrior from beyond the sea who dared to face their terrible master and talk to him as an equal.

John pointed to the women and bade his guest take them for his wives as a gift from the king.

It was certain death to refuse and Gordon knew it, but he never hesitated one moment. He drew himself up sternly and said, in a firm voice rang out clear and as loudly as ever:

"I am a Christian, and what you offer me is contrary to my religion. Slay me if you will, but I will not do this."

And the breath of the affrighted king seemed like a hiss amid the silence as they watched to see the Englishman fall. For a moment the king's face was as white as paper, and he said to himself that he had for once been outwitted by a man less than himself and that he had been misled by a false report. He turned to his attendants and said in a low, hoarse voice, "Slay him! Slay him! Slay him!"

DAVID KER.

N. B. See Adv. "Courier Premiums" page 2.

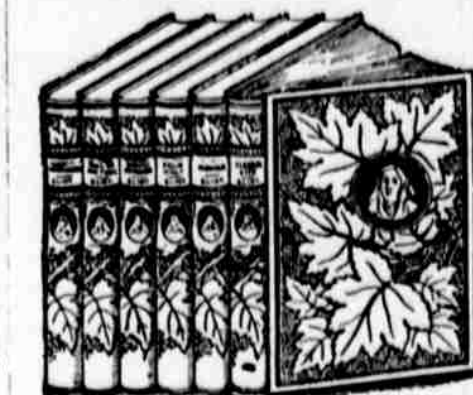
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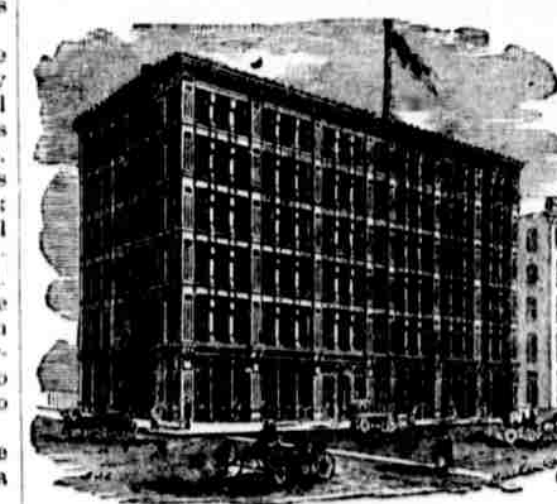
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